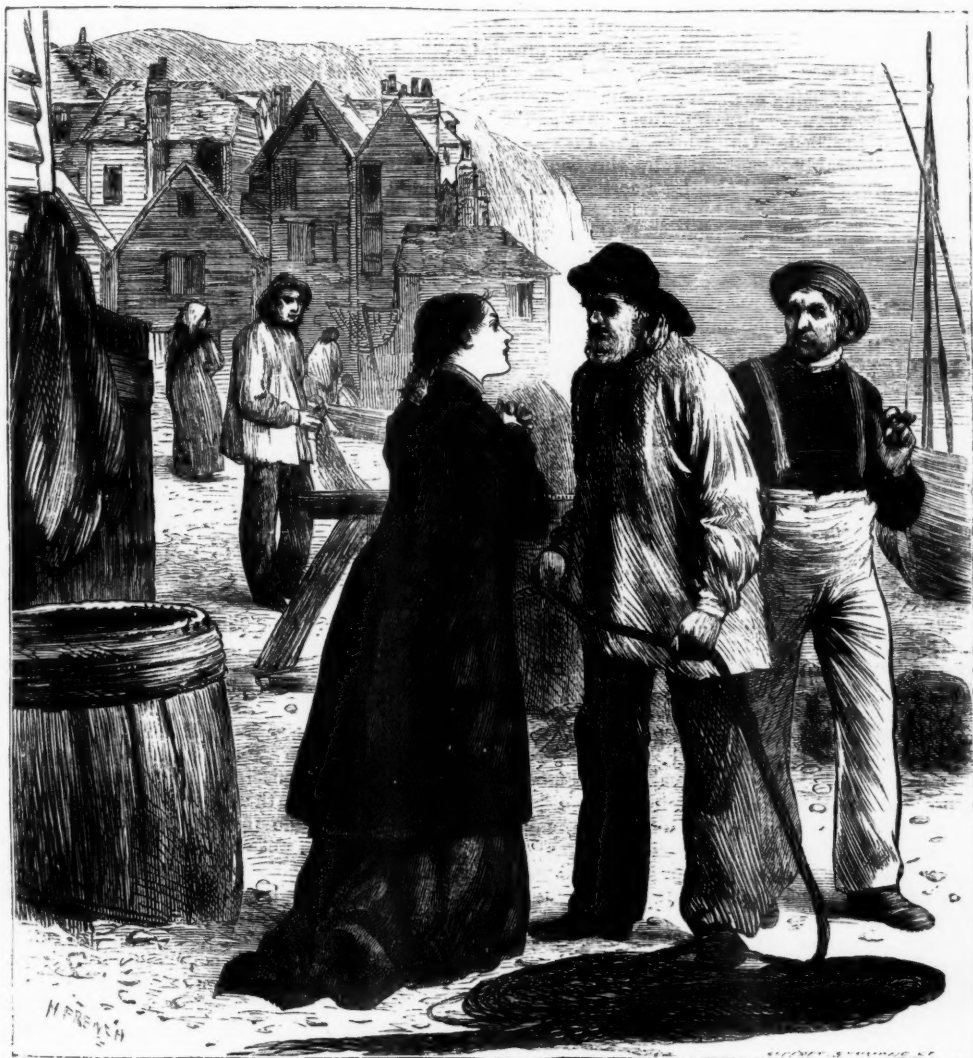


# THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,  
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Comper.*



HUBERT LOST.

## A YOUNG WIFE'S STORY.

CHAPTER XL.

"**DEMARCAY,**" I began, as soon as the scraping of chairs had ceased, "I must have recourse to your memory, as well as my own. You remember the state your uncle was in when you arrived at the castle. We doubted his having recognised you."

Assenting, he raised his head and looked at me for the first time—an anxious, troubled look. Though

not prejudiced he was uncertain, his views of character being chiefly drawn from a knowledge of the lower capabilities of human nature. Notwithstanding a keen sense of the humiliation of feeling on my defence, which set my cheeks into a flame, there was satisfaction in fastening upon an auditor who would not voluntarily judge me harshly. Truth, which has little chance against prejudice, may make its way with sense and honesty. A noble mind is slow to affix a stigma upon another, understanding, as an

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

ordinary one would not, the full bitterness of falling below the standard of rectitude.

Expecting justice, therefore, from Demarcay, I fixed my eyes on his while speaking, though scarcely able to keep them steady for the mist that swam before them. Through the veil of the hardly repressed tears, I could gather no encouragement, his features being blurred and indistinct, but hoped he was friendly; why should he be otherwise? Bertha Rogers, who sat by him, whispering, could not be so much to him as I was.

"Equally unconscious he had been all day, taking no notice of us or of anything," I continued, "except—and there perhaps we were mistaken, our desire to believe it being so great—except we thought he knew that we were praying for him when we knelt around his bed. Oh, where am I?" I exclaimed, considerably bewildered by the continued whispering of Bertha, and also by a certain restlessness on the part of Mr. Stebbings. I feared I was wandering from the subject. Nor was that surprising. I was losing heart and feeling so desolate; all were against me.

Demarcay helped me by saying, "I found him unconscious, and they said he had been so all day."

"But not the day before. He had then talked to us from time to time. In the evening, or rather the night, for it was late when, as the doctor was sending me away, he asked to speak to me alone; then it was he told me how he had left Lorndale. If any one thinks the information gave me pleasure, they are much mistaken. I saw at once the injustice of the bequest, and did not hesitate to say so. More than that; anticipating the scene now passing before your eyes, the unmerited odium that would fall upon me, I entreated him to alter his will; and, what yet weighs heavily on my conscience, I believe—I fear—" Here, clasping my hands before my face in shame as well as sorrow, I made the mournful confession, "I believe the end was hastened by my impulsive upbraidings, upbraidings that by such a deed he exposed me to the cruel trial I am now undergoing. May I be judged mercifully, for it was done thoughtlessly, if selfishly."

Some one moved, for a chair creaked near me, but I did not look up, the grief, the pain, and something akin to remorse for what I had done, were making these recollections exceedingly bitter. It was hard to tell this of myself, yet, but for my intemperate reproaches. This *but* had so burnt itself into my brain that there were moments when, forgetful of the serious nature of the colonel's illness, I nearly persuaded myself into the conviction of having caused his death. Now that a hearing had been gained, I was anxious to continue my narrative, and exerted myself to resume it, leaving my auditors no time for comment. "It was impossible to say more that night," I went on, "Colonel Demarcay having fallen back on his pillow, exhausted. The medical attendant ordered me away, and I was obliged to go. When alone I began to consider what was best to do, since nothing calculated to agitate him could be attempted. After long deliberation I wrote to Mr. Stebbings, stating what has been just narrated, with my determination not to accept the legacy. Afterwards I wrote a few words in the colonel's name, cancelling the bequest, which I hoped on the morrow to induce him to sign. Here they are," said I, laying the two papers before the lawyer; "perhaps they would not have been as useful as I then supposed."

"Of no use whatever," he replied, after giving them a cursory glance; "of no use except to hamper our movements or favour litigation had I acted upon them, which, however, I should not have done without further instructions from Colonel Demarcay. For the purpose you are now explaining, these writings are no better than waste paper."

Without suffering myself to be rebuffed by the stiffness of his manner, I went on with my explanation; it was important not to lose the attention gained with so much difficulty.

"The next morning every hope of inducing Colonel Demarcay to change his intentions was at an end. He was insensible, and remained so to the last; no word or sign of intelligence was ever given again. This will I solemnly declare to be a great grief to me. In the presence of you all, I assure Mr. Stebbings that if he can suggest any way of making Lorndale revert to the natural heirs, I mean to my husband and his son Hubert, I shall be very glad to do my part in bringing it about. As I desire to be judged justly, I wish justice to be done to them."

My anxious eyes here turned towards Victor; though ostensibly addressing all, it was only to him I appealed, only for his opinion I cared. The dead silence succeeding my last words was first broken by Demarcay, who pushed back his chair with some brusqueness as he rose to take up the papers that Mr. Stebbings had laid down. After casting his eye over the lines he gave them to Victor, who read them slowly to himself, and then arrested the buzz of voices just commencing by standing up with the letters exhibited in his hand. "Although unable to pronounce a legal opinion upon these, being no lawyer like Mr. Stebbings, perhaps because I am only a country gentleman, apt to take things as they appear," he began, turning towards him with a smile that removed all offence from his words, "I consider these writings valuable, very valuable. Since you are all kind enough to listen, permit me to add a few sentences more immediately concerning myself, which seem to belong to this history. The son of my uncle's only brother, and left early an orphan, I was brought up by my uncle Demarcay, not with any absolute promise of inheriting Lorndale that I can recollect, but with the expectation never questioned. Whence that came in the first instance is a point upon which I am not at all clear, but I never doubted my right to succeed to this property if my uncle died unmarried. It will then be readily believed that the tenour of this will is a great disappointment to me. Without being able, as I have said, to give any valid reason for the conviction, I believed when we assembled here to-day that the estate was mine for life, to be transmitted afterwards to Hubert. No child can ever, in my eyes, have the same claim to it that he has."

Stooping down, he kissed the noble-looking golden head, still adorned with its despised curls, which, too much absorbed by more serious matters, I had forgotten to speak about. Father and son, each possessing that fine cast of features peculiar to the Demarcay family, presented an interesting picture, made more touching by the distress of Hubert, who, ignorant of the cause, though well aware that his father was sad, and sad for him, looked up at him with wondering anxiety. Without paying attention to the dumb inquiry, Victor came to my side, drawing the child with him, and, laying his other arm round my shoulder, spoke one word and paused—"But—"

A "but" is often alarming—often a negation, destroying some hope in the bud. On the present occasion it made me tremble, turning me hot and cold, but not with fear.

"But, were the disappointment tenfold greater," he continued, his voice becoming more emphatic as the sentences were strung together, "were it the question of a total loss of property instead of a change of hands, I must do my wife justice. It is not necessary to say I believe every word she has said; that would be a poor compliment to pay one whose truth and uprightness no one can doubt who knows her, but I have faith in her sympathy, her sense of justice, and—her affection to me," he whispered, with a glance of fondness that sent a thrill of joy to my heart. "I fully believe she is as sorry as I am."

Dear Victor! I never knew what I said in reply—something extravagantly foolish in all probability; a ball in the throat choked me so that I was not very coherent, but I remember taking his hand from my shoulder, kissing it with an effusion of thankfulness, and seeing some large drops fall upon it. From the deep emotion that thus spontaneously vented itself, oblivious of all around me, I was roused by a murmuring of voices in a key widely differing from what it had been before. A general movement was made towards me by the cousins, and I think Mrs. Rogers came forward also.

"May we congratulate her?" some one asked, addressing Victor.

The accent was like Mr. Marcey's.

"No, no!" I answered, hastily; "or, if you do, let it be that I have so kind, so just, so generous a husband."

Hubert came in for his share of notice, but, finding himself treated rather as an object of pity, though no one ventured to condole openly with him, his independent spirit took umbrage, making him clamorously ask what was the matter, and what he had done.

"It is not for what you have done, but for what you are going to do, they pity you," said Demarcay, drawing the child to him, and choosing his words diplomatically. "They are lamenting over you, Hubert, because, instead of being a rich man without any merit of your own, you may have the honour of making a name for yourself—of becoming famous for something," he explained, as Hubert persistently rejected all idea of altering his name.

"I don't want to be rich; I mean to be a sailor and go right over the sea to find out what is on the other side, and intend to be an admiral some day," he answered, with a proud toss of the head. This movement, reminding him of the curls, he renewed my distress by throwing himself upon me, and in a pretty, coaxing way, claimed my promise to interfere on his behalf. The explanation of this little scene, followed by an appeal to my husband, brought me no goodwill from Bertha, though Victor's consent gave extreme satisfaction to Hubert.

"I don't wish to be like a girl," he said, with a look of disdain, quickly repressed; "and I don't mean to be rude," he whispered, aware that some awkwardness existed, and assuming himself to be the cause. As I did not dare respond to his caressing overtures, the child, feeling repelled, left me hastily and went to Demarcay.

Notwithstanding the real tenderness lying in my heart, it was impossible to be otherwise than passive

under the general gaze. I could not pet and fondle him as I wished, though my reserve brought me the keen regret of seeing him turn away from me chilled and disappointed. Though loving him all the more for the untoward circumstances of our mutual position, I was not always happy in my manner of testifying it, as will soon be seen.

Some days after the reading of the will, when all our visitors had departed, and Victor and I commenced our first peaceful days of married life together, I was induced to give a proof of indulgence that cost me dear.

## CHAPTER XLII.

ONE morning the post brought us bad news. The house belonging to Victor's little patrimony had been much injured by fire. Not only was it dear to him from early associations, added to the yet tenderer recollections of wedded bliss, when he carried Anna Demarcay to her first married home, but it would be Hubert's inheritance—a small property compared with the large estate left away from him. Desiring to ascertain accurately the damage, of which he had received two different accounts, Victor resolved to start for Bletchingham without delay, and took the first train after breakfast. Having to pass through London, he would not arrive at his journey's end much before evening.

"I may find it necessary to sleep a night in town on my return; so don't expect me back until the day after to-morrow."

To which arrangement I cheerfully consented. A parting for so short a time was nothing, scarcely a ripple on the even surface of our domestic peace, now, I hoped, established, as Victor appeared to have accepted his uncle's testament. At least, he made no further allusion to it.

To beguile the first long day of his absence, I thought of giving the children a treat, and promised, when the lessons were over, to take them with me on the beach, than which there could be no greater pleasure for Hubert, his natural love for the sea having been considerably strengthened by indulgence.

Since the new keys were made, the path to the shore had been more frequented, though I never heard that the acquaintance with Joe had much progressed. During my absence Hubert had had some enjoyment of this walk with Mrs. and Miss Rogers, the sea-shore being their favourite resort in the cool of the summer evenings, and often the boy's reward for good conduct.

Grover I did not invite; her presence was not necessary for the pleasure of the young ones, and would very certainly have destroyed mine; but, thinking the volatile Hubert might be difficult to manage alone, by straying away farther than was desirable, or in other ways becoming unintentionally troublesome, I took with us Susan, the young girl who waited on the nursery. She would be amenable to control, and able, I believed, to render any assistance that might be wanted. Besides, Hubert was greatly tamed; he would rather please than displease me, and rarely offended except through the restlessness of an excitable temperament.

"Shall we call for Aunt Bertha?" asked Nora, stopping in her childish talk, as we passed the garden opening out of the green lane. Hubert was in a hurry to answer.



"No, no; we don't want any more," he said, quickly, thinking probably that numbers signified additional restraint, and having settled Nora, ran forward with his dog and was soon impatiently waiting for us at the gate.

The path to the shore more frequently trodden was also more carefully kept than formerly. Immediately in front of us, and extending nearly half-way down, the ground was marked off by an enclosure, in which Victor, to please his relatives, had caused a couple of rustic seats to be placed, just under some stunted trees which afforded an apology for shade. The walk was considerably improved since my unfortunate experience of it, and not difficult of ascent or descent, so that when Hubert, stimulated at the sight and scent of the sea, ran screaming down in a tumult of joy, I did not think it necessary to damp his spirits by restrictive warnings. Before our measured steps had gone a third of the way, he was at the bottom of the cliff, with Nero barking at his heels. It were difficult to say which was the happier, Hubert, dancing and shouting as he jumped away from the advancing wave, caught sometimes in spite of his agility, or Nero, leaping upon his young master in full participation of his delight.

More soberly, Nora and I, attended by Susan, strolled about the sands near, and after watching the animated pair in their pranks and gambols until we were tired of looking on, found for ourselves a more sedate amusement in collecting shells. Nor were we without our share of pleasure. We kept it up by many a ringing laugh, both over our success and disappointment, as we ventured after the receding wave to seize the long, thin solen ere they buried themselves in the sand. Nearly an hour might thus have passed away, we being too much amused to take an accurate note of time. Sometimes assisting us and sometimes seeking his pleasure independently, Hubert would occasionally vent his high spirits in a scamper with Nero along the beach. Now and then he helped his sister build walls at a safe distance from the water's edge, but more frequently he would tumble down her work by rushing headlong over it in a race with his four-footed favourite.

"Come, Nora, we will find another amusement." This was said to console the little girl after one of her brother's reckless assaults upon the walls she had been laboriously making with her spade. Resisting at first because offended with Hubert, she afterwards suffered herself to be persuaded, and joined me in a new occupation. Selecting a rock well covered with limpets, I endeavoured to detach them as the water left it, and before long she was laughing merrily at my frequent failures, the wary univalves, sensitive to the slightest movement of the air, clinging to their solid home with iron tenacity. Occasionally succeeding, I displayed my prize with triumph, but Nora never. She could not be sufficiently quiet. Accompanying her effort with cries of anticipated victory, she invariably met with disappointment.

"Let me do it; show me how; I must, I will, I will have one;" and Nora, all animation, ran towards another rock to try her fortune there, ignorant, as are often older heads, that success comes more from patient continuance than change of locality.

It was then I thought of Hubert. "Where was he?" Susan, whom I believed to be looking after him, did not know. Attracted by the interest we evinced in our occupation, she was making concho-

logical experiments on her own account a little distance off.

"Where is Master Hubert?" I repeated.

"He was here just now, and can't be far off." Susan looked about as she answered. Hubert was nowhere in sight. With all the strength we possessed we called both him and Nero, but in vain; there was no answering sound. We gazed in every direction, behind us where the rocks were numerous and scattered up the cliff, along the shore—there was no trace of boy or dog.

"How long is it since you saw him?" Susan relieved my fears by protesting that it was only a very short time ago. The first thought suggesting itself was that he had run on towards the hamlet of Little Ormby, and was hidden from sight by some projection in the way, the line of coast being uneven. We could not calculate with accuracy how long he had been absent, and still less the rate at which he might have got over the ground. Though lost to sight for a moment or two, he would reappear if my surmise proved correct, but after some minutes we were obliged to give up that idea. Strain our eyes as we would, we could see no one; not the smallest object was visible on that part of the beach. Then indeed I began to feel alarmed. Could he have fallen among the rocks? They were neither high nor dangerous in general, but the tide was going out, leaving some of them freshly bare, and consequently slippery. With a secret dread I did all in my power to subdue, so terrible was the pang as the mere possibility shot across my heart, I suggested to Susan that we should examine the rocks behind us to see if there were marks of feet on the top or round about them. But we searched and called to little purpose; there were plenty of footprints on the sand going in different directions, but nothing to guide us, Hubert having been backwards and forwards over that part several times. Our voices, raised to their highest pitch, had no better effect than startling a sea-gull, which began circling and circling over the sea where nothing was in sight but a small boat rising and falling on the wave, sometimes approaching, sometimes receding. Its appearance struck me as peculiar. Was no one in it, or was the owner asleep, that, without sail or oar it was moving so uncertainly? A fisherman anchors his boat on land when he is not fishing; who would leave it unsecured to be swept away by the tide, as had apparently happened to this one?

"Think, Susan," I exclaimed, clutching the girl by the arm in an agony of apprehension, "think and tell me the whole truth. This may be an affair of life and death," a frightful suspicion based upon Hubert's daring character and his propensity to disobedience crossing my mind. "How long is it since you saw Master Hubert?"

She could not tell exactly; "it was but just now, it did not seem long ago," she stammered, catching some reflection of my alarm without divining its cause. My next question turned her pale as death.

"Was there not a boat here when we came?"

Alas! Too certain now was it that my wildest fears were realised. Susan recollected telling the boy not to touch the boat because it would soil his clothes.

"Victor, Victor! thy best beloved, and lost through me."

This was the poignant thought that succeeded my first moan of anguish.

"The child is there," I said, in a hollow voice, pointing to the frail vessel so far beyond our reach,

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my eyes fixed upon it with the imbecility of despair. Indeed my senses seemed to have abandoned me and my limbs to have become cold and rigid.

"Oh, dear, ma'am, then he will be drowned," said Susan, with a hopeless stupor that roused me at once.

"Not so, not so, if man or Heaven can save him," was my frantic cry, the powers of life and mind returning. "Take Nora home; shut her up; let no harm happen to her. Send me Joseph, Patrick, send all the servants that can be of use;" and without waiting to see if she understood my orders, indeed, not remembering having given them, I began running in the direction of Ormbey. For a long way the beach was broad, and tolerably firm near the water's edge, so that it was easy to get along, but after a time the loose sand made every step difficult. Sinking in with one foot, struggling out with the other, I advanced but slowly, though labouring hard to reach the boats and dwellings I knew to be farther on. Along the shore appeared the surest if not the shortest way. The cliff sloping gradually in places where it would have been easy to walk at its base, rose abruptly in others, as I remembered when going that night through the purple gloom with Joe. By attempting to reach Ormbey that way I should probably lose time, and every minute was of consequence; might it not determine the life or death of Hubert? I thought of Joe, but had not sufficient confidence in the lad to turn from my course to seek him; besides, the cottage looked shut up and uninhabited. The family might have left, there had been no opportunity since my return to renew our acquaintance.

Not far beyond it a few men were hanging idly about a boat drawn up high on the sands under shelter, and a few paces farther a third was winding into a thick coil a massive quantity of netting and rope. To them I rushed with hands extended, my bonnet gone or fallen behind me. "Help me! oh, help me! Put to sea and try to overtake that boat. In it is a child—a lost child! If you stand still and only look on like that," I added, with a shrill cry of despair, "it will be murder, for you may perhaps reach him now. Make haste and save him! Quick, quick! in mercy put to sea and bring me back that boat!" Even then it was but as a speck in the distance—a speck on that great ocean whose vastness terrified me. "Go, go! there is not an instant to lose, it may even now be too late!"

The men, stolid by nature, astonished at my sudden address, my words and appearance, too slow-witted, it may be, to comprehend my tale, and possibly bewildered at being called upon to act in such a sudden emergency, looked doubtfully at each other and at me, and then turned their eyes towards the black spot now barely visible. "Bring the child back safe, and any reward you ask shall be yours."

Whilst the two first addressed continued to hesitate, I ran forward to the third, a younger and more intelligent-looking man, repeating the same words, and, laying hands upon the netting, tried to drag it from him by way of enforcing my supplication. It might be but a couple of seconds—to me it appeared much longer—ere I gained his attention so far that he threw down the roping and, shading his eyes, gazed into the distance. "It is there; oh, don't delay! get a boat and go after my child, or it will be too late! For pity's sake, go! Have you not a human heart?" I asked, clasping his tarred hands, frantic at the slowness and hesitation around me.

"That there won't do, it will take too long to start it and put up the sail; besides, it is too light, and the wind is against us," he answered, with fretting deliberation.

Following his eye, I perceived that the mast of the wherry he indicated lay horizontally, and that the cordage had been stored away. "Help! help somehow!" I again vehemently entreated, and, beginning to despair of any effective aid from these fishermen, I raised my hands and eyes upwards, feeling that only a miracle could save my husband's darling from a watery grave. Already he might have found it, the ways of Providence are so inscrutable.

"Jem Fox has a good row-boat; I'll get that, and perhaps he will go with me; he is a good 'un at rowing."

"Ask him—ask any one—ask every one; put off all the boats in the village!" I exclaimed, hope dawning again from seeing a disposition to begin the search. "Do what you can."

These last words were addressed to the two other men, who still stood staring alternatively at me and at the sea, until the third set off running, when one of them picked up the coil thrown down by his companion and finished winding it.

I endeavoured to run also. Sinking into the sand in some places, caught by the wave in others, through venturing too near it, I kept my messenger in sight one minute and lost him in the next, from the sinuosities of the coast. Then I saw him again joined by others, and soon there was a general stir, a shout, and some rough cries. From the white cottages nestling under the cliff, as well as perched here and there upon it, and from the little openings on to the shore, women and children poured down to the beach. Some men stood and gazed, others moved about, and some ran on farther still. Before I reached the nearest group, one boat was leaving with two men in it; but, alas! though straining my eyes till they throbbed with pain, not a spot, not a speck, not a trace of Hubert could they discern.

"Do you see the boat?—do you see any sign of it?" I asked, with a shivering dread of the answer, going from one to the other, among the bare-legged, bronze-faced fishermen, too anxious, or perhaps too cowardly, to wait for a reply.

"Oh, save the child, my husband's eldest and dearest! If you have hearts in your bosoms, save the child."

"Don't take on so, more are going," said one woman, with her dark, entangled hair and untidy dress contrasting in a marked manner with the compassion and anxiety depicted on her countenance. "My man is going. There, be quick, Bill, and bring back the child, and the lady will thank you with all her heart, as I thanked the lad who saved you from drowning. I thought then I could never thank him enough, and yet you are not worth much after all the fuss I made about you."

This was said to a tall, brawny fellow, busily preparing a cumbersome-looking boat, that soon started with him and two other men. Several others went, too, after awhile. Some were large fishing-smacks, accustomed to go into deep waters far from home. As the last departed amid a chorus of cheers and good wishes from the spectators, my strength and powers of endurance collapsed. My knees giving way, I sank down by the side of the rock near me, and everything became a blank.

On partially recovering consciousness, I found my-

self propped up against the rock, in the midst of a crowd of women and children, with the Lornale servants nearest me, the news having spread like wildfire. What version had the little nursemaid given of the story? The first voice recognised was Grover's, even before I opened my eyes; it was raised in passionate lamentations, mingled with sharp invective against me.

"I knew it, I knew it!" she sobbed. "I was sure no good would come to us through her. Did I not say from the first that she would bring sorrow into the house, and misfortune upon my darlings? Oh, my dear, beautiful boy! I saw her Judas' kiss, and felt then that it would do him some harm."

"Hush, hush! she is coming to," said another, for Grover's voice quickened my returning animation. But the compassionate effort to spare us both only added fuel to fire.

"I won't hush," shrieked Grover in a louder key. "Why should I care? Why should I care who hears me? Oh, my poor master; and this is his darling, his pride, his mother's pet, of whom she was so proud. Oh, my dear, dear boy; we shall never see him again."

I thought so too, and my weakened spirit was too crushed to resent her upbraidings and impertinence. Overwhelmed with grief, I could only wish to be with Hubert, wrapped with him in that last long sleep, rather than live to witness his father's despair. How could I meet Victor again? If not culpable, who would not account me careless, and to be careless with such a result brought the offence into another category. What would he think of me? With the palpable fact of his son's disappearance lacerating the paternal heart, and Grover's malignant insinuations ringing perpetually in his ears, what could I expect from him but secret dislike and a growing repugnance to my presence? He would, of course, reprove Grover at first, but afterwards, by degrees, when alone with his misery, he was but human, and we know that continual dropping will fret the hardest substance. When recovered from my fainting fit, it became a question how I should get home—whether by the shore, the shortest way, or that the carriage should be sent for me to Little Ormbey. I chose the former; movement was indispensable, or I should have gone out of my mind; besides, the sea had a strong fascination for me. I could now see several black dots in the distance. Contrary to reason and to probability, my heart kept repeating, "Oh, if one of them might contain Hubert!"

### CITY HOLIDAYS.

**T**ALKING the other day to a working-man verging on three-score and ten, he complained, in a half-comic, half-regretful tone, that he had come into the world too soon; that it would have suited him better a good deal to have been born some twenty or thirty years later than he had been. In that case, he said, he should have done his life's work much easier, and with more satisfaction to himself, than it had been his fate to do it. There was really some reason for the tone he assumed; for if we look back a few years we shall see that the lot of the worker was then much harder than it is now, and that, year after year, so far at least as respects severity of labour, it has been improving. By degrees society,

during the last few lustres, has come to recognise the necessity of recreation and the sound policy of securing a share of it for those who toil. The idea, when first broached, was new and strange, but it lost its novelty and strangeness under the persistent agitation of the Early Closing Society, and in time, from being resented by employers as impertinent and unreasonable, obtained, first, toleration, and, next, when found to work beneficially for all parties, pretty general adoption. Great indeed is the difference between the present state of things, in this special regard, and that which prevailed some quarter of a century back. Then, the worker's holidays were nominally three in the year—Christmas Day, Easter Monday, and Whit Monday; the two latter being anything but certain, and liable to extinction at the fiat of the master if business was urgent. Small wonder if, in such circumstances, Saint Monday had numerous devotees, especially if we take into account that it was then the custom for men to work all hours of the night in case of need, or imagined need, for such protracted toil. Now, in addition to the Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, we have the Bank or City holidays,—we have the Saturday afternoon holidays in most of the large establishments throughout the country,—we have a much earlier closing hour both for sale-shops and workshops, and there has been a general enlargement of the leisure of all classes of industrials. It is well to be able to add to this agreeable statement the fact that since the worker has been put in possession of leisure, he has, to a large extent, been also put in possession of the means of turning it to solid advantage by the creation of institutions easily accessible for purposes of study and improvement; and he will have more advantages of the kind when it shall have become sufficiently apparent that he has thoroughly resolved to avail himself of them.

The new holiday institution sometimes meets us when we are not at all expecting it. On walking forth for a constitutional some fine morning, we find a sort of Sunday-face upon things; the shops along the line of route are nearly all closed; so are the swing-doors of the banks; so are the lawyers' offices and the auction-rooms; and the stolid business faces which one encounters daily are absent; while, in their stead, are holiday faces and holiday garbs, and groups of young merrymakers, and old ones too, proceeding countrywards in all directions. All which appearances remind us of what we had forgotten—that to-day is a bank holiday, when there is a decided pause in the service of Mammon—when the worker can, if he likes, turn his thoughts to play—when the clerk may get the corner of that hard desk out of his stomach—when the shopman can stretch his legs elsewhere than behind the shop-counter—when, in short, all that numerous section of the community who on other days must do as they are told, are at liberty to do whatever they please.

This is the day for roaming and rambling abroad, by railroad or 'bus-road, or steamboat on the river, or by that most time-honoured of all conveyances, Shanks' naggie, or by the newest of all, and first-cousin to Shanks, the bicycle. The numerous caterers for the pleasure and recreation of the public have of course taken time by the forelock, so that among the holiday-making million no man need be at a loss as to how he shall enjoy himself, unless, indeed, he become perplexed by the difficulty of making a choice. There are railway excursions by which he can run out for

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a few score miles, either to the sea-side or to some central point of attraction, and be back again in time for a quiet evening at home or attendance at concert or lecture-room. There are the Thames steamers which will take him up to Hampton Court or Richmond, or down to Rosherville and Gravesend or Sheerness or Southend. There is the Crystal Palace, with its microcosm of wonders and splendours, on the south of the capital, and on the north there is the Alexandra Palace with its rival attractions. There is the Royal Aquarium, the new magazine of marvels, at Westminster, and a large catalogue besides of available exhibitions of every kind ready to receive and entertain all the world at the moderate consideration of a shilling or so a head. Better still, the man or the boy who cannot spare the shilling need not lack the recreation. There are the British Museum, the Tower, the National Gallery, the Kensington Museum, and other public institutions, where there is nothing charged for admittance, while the entertainment is of the very best. Then, when the weather is fine, there are the noble parks—in summer time so many gorgeous flower-gardens; there are the suburban tea-gardens, where the working-men's families love to swarm, to indulge in their temperate dissipations, and play on the green turf at the old-fashioned English games, "with shout and laughter till the sun goes down." There are the crowded vanloads of merry mortals who go trotting along the dusty roads that lead to Epping and Wood Green, Barnet and Finchley, or Bushey and Hampton, or whithersoever you choose.

With a not inconsiderable class, the holiday would hardly be a holiday if it did not bring them the opportunity of active bodily exercise. So there are troops of young fellows, lithe and clean-limbed, who resort to the gymnasia, the running-grounds, and those semi-rural resorts abounding in the neighbourhood of town, where all kinds of athletic contests and "turneries" come off at holiday seasons. Other troops one meets with on their way to the cricket-grounds, armed with their bats and wickets, and half-disguised in guernsey overs and defensive leggings, eager for the game, and bent on defeating to-day some rival eleven by whom they were quite accidentally bowled out last holiday. Other groups are of a rather amphibious character, and will spend hours of the day in breasting the current of the River Lea, or of the upper Thames, or in a race in the pond in Victoria Park. These are mostly aspirants for fame, intent on becoming grand swimmers, and some day winning a prize at the morning matches in the Serpentine, or a medal from the Royal Humane Society for saving some unfortunate from a watery grave. Then there is a numerous class who, whenever they have a fair chance, go in for "the contemplative man's recreation," disciples, they are, of old Izaak Walton, whom one meets marching out with creels and bait-pans, and armed with many-jointed fishing-rods, and making their way, as fast as they can, to the angling stations. There they will sit, on an old tree stump, watching the float bobbing up and down among the ripples, until after sun-down; and there, if they catch nothing else, they will catch a good dinner at a reasonable charge, and will secure a day's tranquil enjoyment, finished off with a pleasant walk home in the cool of the evening. It is very little that the holiday angler brings home in his creel, as a rule; but still he does sometimes manage to get the better of an old Thames trout, or to lug ashore a hungry

pike of a dozen pounds or so; and so surely as he does anything like that, he will have the satisfaction of seeing his exploit duly recorded in the sporting papers, and will most likely treasure the record for years to come.

Many men, many minds—and what is a pleasure to one man may be nothing short of a plague to another. Tom Trotter finds scarcely anything so good in a holiday as the fine opportunity it affords him of tramping out as far as his legs will carry him—ten, twenty, thirty miles, it may be—and then, after a refreshing meal, depositing himself in a railway carriage and flying back at his ease. Tom's darling possession is that circular map of Twenty Miles round London. He long ago made up his mind to explore on foot the whole region lying within that charmed circle; and it seems likely, thanks to the holidays, that he will do it. Will Cartridge, who is a volunteer, on the other hand, will travel no farther to-day than his landlord's back garden, where he has put up a miniature target, as difficult to hit at eighty feet as the regular target at eight hundred, and where he will practise rifle-shooting all day, in the hopes of cutting a figure at Wimbledon at the approaching annual shooting match. Matthew Megilp is an amateur artist, and, having fixed months ago upon a certain rural scene which he intends to paint, is off after an early breakfast with his portfolio, camp-stool, and portable easel. He will sit for hours, revelling in the delights of water-colour, and doing his best (let us hope he may succeed) to spread his favourite landscape on the snowy sheet. Peter Pettie is a Lancashire man, naturalised these twenty years in London, but who is still fond of his old hobby of botanising, and will devote a day to it whenever he can. He sometimes wonders at the ignorant apathy of the Cockney in regard to the produce of the fields and hedgerows, but has long ago given up all attempts to bring over his comrades in the workshop to his way of thinking. He will not refuse to show you his *Hortus Siccus* if you really wish to see it, and if he finds you are really interested (and you will not deceive him in that particular) he may also show you one or two letters of acknowledgment from scientific men of mark, whose collections he has supplemented by his contributions of rare specimens. Very different from Peter is Ben Bowles, his comrade at the bench in the workshop, to whom nothing is more delightful than the skittle-alley, unless it be the quoit-ground, in both of which arenas he is proud to distinguish himself, and at one or other of which he is sure to pass his holiday. Ben is a muscular genius, not a bad fellow by any means, on the whole, notwithstanding his exclusive devotion to muscularity, and his extraordinary pride in the development of his biceps. Tim Tumbler is an amateur pigeon-fancier; he is quite persuaded that the greatest wonder in the world is a carrier-pigeon, and of such wonders he is the envied proprietor of a good many. He has been heard to boast that if London were besieged as Paris was in 1870, he would just show the world what his birds could do. Bob Barker is great on the subject of dogs, and would like to back his pet hound, Sally, this very afternoon, against any hound in England, barring always certain prize-winners and a few rising dogs of distinguished pedigree. In connection with this part of our subject, we are unfortunately forced to admit that among the rougher and least educated class of workmen there are owners of fighting dogs,

concerning whom and whose exploits—not relishing their cruel sport—we shall say nothing.

Reverting to our old friend, with whose words we began this brief article: on asking him how he enjoys his holiday, and what he thinks of it, he simply says, "It is a real first-rate move for all concerned. I'm real glad to come into it, though at the fag end of life. I can't do as I would ha' done thirty years ago, but still 'tis a real bonus to me, old hand as I am. Better late than never, you know. I can stroll

about quiet, or sue myself under a tree in the park, and feed the water-fowls, and watch the little children at play. Or, if the weather is wet, I can take my rest at home. At three score and ten, you see, a day or two of brisk hard work is apt to knock a fellow up, and then a holiday is good for recruiting. Just afore last bank holiday I was regularly done with night-work; so when the holiday came I just laid abed all day and fetched up my sleep—and it done me a sight o' good."

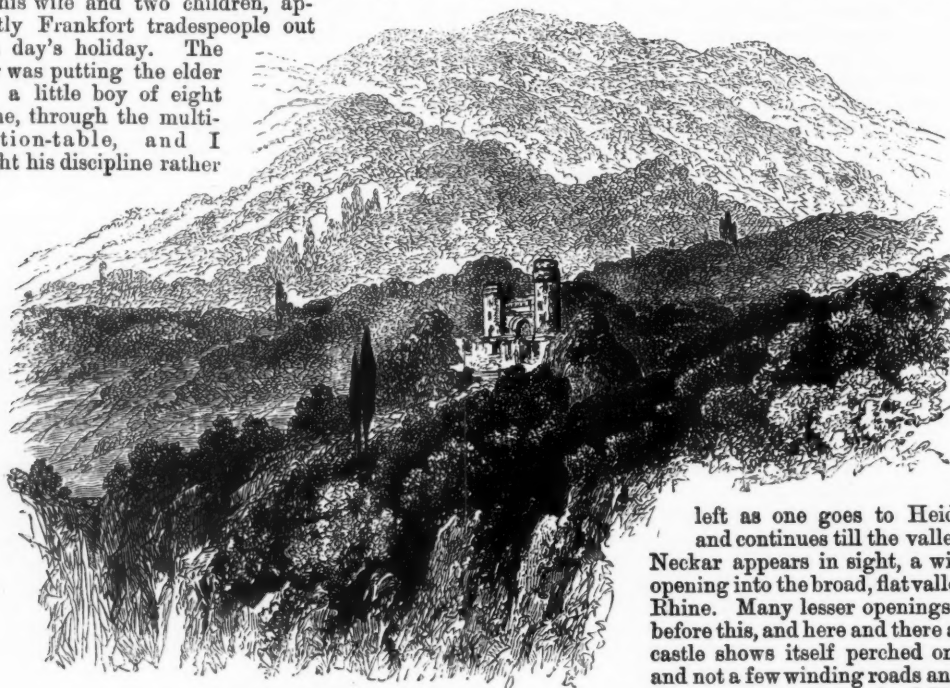
### THREE WEEKS IN RHINELAND:

ON THE MOSEL, THE LAHN, AND THE NECKAR.

#### III.

NEXT day a three hours' railway journey took us to Heidelberg. A German family was in the same carriage with us, consisting of a youngish man with his wife and two children, apparently Frankfort tradespeople out for a day's holiday. The father was putting the elder child, a little boy of eight or nine, through the multiplication-table, and I thought his discipline rather

country improves greatly; the line now skirts the line of wooded hills called the Bergstrasse, which we had seen in the distance from the Taunus. It lies to the



OLD CASTLE, NECKAR-STEINACH.

stern. He kept hold of the boy's ear, and when he made a wrong answer gave it a sharp pinch, so sharp as to bring the colour into his cheeks and the water into his eyes. He was evidently in great awe of his father; and as for the mother, she sat complacently by, and did not seem to object to her boy's ears being pinched so much as most English mothers would. And really the boy was doing his best. In feeling I ranged myself on his side of the question, but did not venture to say so.

Beyond Darmstadt (a neat-looking town of 30,000 inhabitants; in England it would form a decent county-town, but here it is a capital, the capital of the grand duchy of Hesse)—beyond this place the

no great height, the highest not above 1,600 or 1,700 feet; conspicuous among them is Melibocus, or Malcken, a granite hill easily ascended from a village called Zwingenberg, where there is a station. It is only this face of the range that goes by the name of the Bergstrasse; the general name of the range is the Odenwald. It is delightful walking-ground. A very pleasant knapsack-walk of three or four days takes one across to Neckar-Steinach, cutting off the angle of Heidelberg. I am going to take you thither by the longer route. There are halting-places to be met with by the way—little villages, with village inns, homely but sufficient. This is only hearsay, however, on my part. I went on to Heidelberg.

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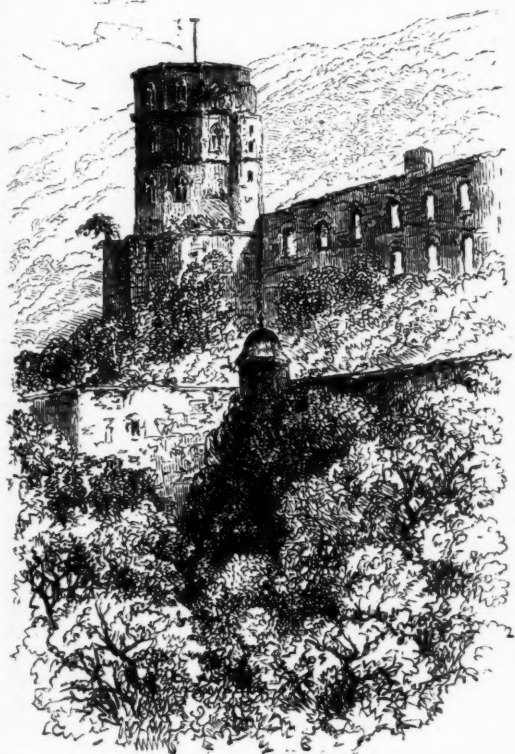
The approach is striking. The line takes a sweep to the left at Friedrichsfeld (where the line to Mannheim, and so across the Rhine, diverges to the right), and soon the valley of the Neckar opens, and

the slope of a wooded hill, which rises high behind it, crowned by the Königstuhl. At the base soon appears the town, skirting the Neckar, which is here crossed by a fine bridge.



PRESENT CASTLE, NECKAR-STEINACH.

the noble Castle of Heidelberg appears in sight on



HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

Many of the principal hotels, the more modern ones, are situated at a distance from the town, near the station, at the extremity of the Anlage, a long boulevard, flanked by gardens and handsome houses. But the town itself and the neighbourhood of the castle had more attractions for me, for one can walk along a boulevard without going to Heidelberg; so, having a pleasant impression of past good treatment there, I made my way to the Prinz Karl, in the chief square, exactly opposite the castle; and there I found myself as well accommodated as before. Our windows, high up on the third floor, overlooked the square and directly faced the castle and its woods; we seemed almost *in* the castle.

Heidelberg is off the Rhine, but it is nevertheless so much in the main-stream of tourists that I hardly think I ought to say much about it. Thousands visit it every year, and descriptions abound. Yet it is so beautiful that I must indulge myself with a few words about it.

The chief feature is the castle, one of the noblest ruins in the world. The situation is almost unequalled; a natural platform some way up the side of a bold wooded hill, and backed by the upper part of the hill, which rises to a height of 850 feet above the castle, and 1,750 feet above the sea. Below, the hill slopes steeply to the town and river, the intervening space being filled with the richest foliage. The views from certain parts of the ruins, from the great balcony, for instance—a stone-paved terrace in front of the Friedrichsbau, enclosed by a balustrade—and yet more from the end of the great terrace, a long, straight walk in the grounds, are beautiful in the extreme. Rich foliage, majestic ruin, hill and valley, town, bridge, and river, the near and the distant, are here combined to perfection. I have sat for an hour at a time on the seat at the end of the great

terrace, and have returned to it again and again, and have never grown weary of the prospect. If you want to enjoy a place of this sort, have as little as possible to do with showmen. There is plenty of this kind of thing at Heidelberg Castle, enough almost to spoil it, if it could be spoiled. You must take a ticket at a window—one ticket to see this part, and another to see that, or one comprehensive ticket to see everything—and then you are turned over to a guide armed with a bunch of keys, who opens one door after another, while you and the other sight-seers follow like a flock of sheep. To me this is odious. Of course you must go through it, for who could show his face who had been to Heidelberg and not seen the great tun? And some of the things in the museum are really interesting. But get all this over as quickly as possible, and then go and roam about, finding your own way. Grope about among the broken towers, stand at the bottom of the Gesprengrer Thurm, the blown-up tower, which still leans its huge mass over the moat below, just as on the day when the French had tried in vain to blow it to pieces, peep out through the various openings at the landscape beyond, sit in the shade, bask in the sun, fancy the scenes that have taken place within these broken palace-halls, think of the histories these walls could tell,—spend your time at Heidelberg so, keeping clear of the carriages in the courtyard, and of people eating and drinking about the grounds (there is room enough for you and for them), and, above all, of the café, with its saloons and countless tables and benches, placed in the very centre of the grounds, and almost close to the ruins, and I think you will find an impression of beauty and interest made on your mind which will never be effaced.

Certainly Heidelberg is one of those places—too many in Germany, and especially in this part of it—which rouse one's indignation against the French. Not that *they* brought the castle into its present state of ruin—that was done through its being set on fire by lightning in the middle of the last century, after it had been in great measure restored from the ravages of war—or that they were the only enemy who ravaged it; but they were the chief and most cruel ravagers, and the blowing-up in 1689 was their work.

Besides the castle, none of the *buildings* at Heidelberg present anything very interesting. There is a large university, but the buildings are of no interest whatever. The most interesting of the churches is the Church of the Holy Ghost, in the market-place, though that of St. Peter is of older date. A curious arrangement exists with regard to the Church of the Holy Ghost. It is divided by a partition-wall into two churches, one of which is used by the Protestants, and the other by the Romanists. Just opposite this church is one of the few houses in the town which have survived the repeated wars and sieges; most of the rest are comparatively modern. This is an old house, entered by an archway, and curiously adorned with sculpture. It may easily be recognised by its deep-red colour. It is now occupied as an inn—Zum Ritter (The Knight)—and is well spoken of as a hostelry of the second class.

I have mentioned the university. The buildings present nothing remarkable; not so the students. I believe there is a large class of *real* students, steady and studious young men, quite different from those who meet the eye in the streets. As there is no academical dress, it is not easy to know these studious

ones. As for the others, the non-readers, there is no difficulty in knowing *them*. There is, as I said, no distinctive academical dress; but this class of students dress in a way quite sufficient to distinguish them from everybody else—not in *one* way, however, but in a hundred different ways. Many fine-looking young men may be noticed among them, but all are more or less disfigured by fantastic dress; the brightest colours, the most extravagant style, the most unheard-of caps. What these young men do in their own rooms, I know not; there is no accommodation for them in college, as with us; they are all dispersed about the town in lodgings. What they do within doors, I cannot tell; they do not read much, I should think. What they do, and how they pass their time, out-of-doors, is plain enough to all. There seems to be no discipline whatever; at all hours you see them lounging about in twos and threes. Each is accompanied by a great dog; some have more than one; and the object appears to be to get the biggest dog possible. Their very amusements are of the idlest kind. They follow no manly sport; there is no cricket, no football, not even rowing, though the Neckar invites them all day. They strut or lounge about the streets with their dogs, prick one another in the face with swords, drink beer, smoke pipes and cigars, and drive up and down the Anlage in hired carriages. I am not speaking of the studious set, but of those who meet the eye continually. Oxford and Cambridge, notwithstanding all the care that can be used, have evils enough, but if any one wishes to be put into good-humour with our own universities, let him go and have a look at Heidelberg.

There are many pleasant walks; one of the pleasantest is the "Philosophen-weg," or Philosophers' Walk; why so called, I know not. It is on the other side of the river, and high above it; it directly faces the castle and the Königstuhl, and forms one of the best points, or rather succession of points (for it is two miles long), from which to see them.

There is an English church at Heidelberg, not a very beautiful building, and a permanent chaplain. The number of English residents is not inconsiderable, and in the summer and autumn birds of passage, both English and American, abound.

We made a very pleasant excursion up the Neckar. Small steamers used to ply on it, but since the opening of the railway they have been discontinued. Besides the principal station on the Anlage, there is a subsidiary station at the other end of the town, called the Thor, or Gate, Station. We left this station at six o'clock in the morning, and in half-an-hour reached Neckar-Gemünd. The line runs close to the river, and the valley is very pretty—not unlike that of the Lahn. Neckar-Gemünd is a considerable village—almost a town—consisting chiefly of old houses, and situated at a sharp bend of the river. Here we left the railway, and for a kreuzer each (one-third of a penny) crossed to the other side of the river. A walk of an hour took us to Neckar-Steinach, which was our destination. The road is very pretty, and the fresh morning air made the walk delightful. About half way we crossed the boundary which separates the grand-duchy of Baden, in which Heidelberg is situated, from that of Hesse-Darmstadt. It is curious to an islander to stand with one foot in one country and the other in another. We were quite ready for breakfast by the time we got to Neckar-Steinach, and a very good one they gave us

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in the garden of the Harp Inn, close to the Neckar; boiled trout, fresh from the river that morning, formed part of our fare. Neckar-Steinach is rich in castles, boasting no less than four, in various states of preservation, all grandly perched above the river, and well backed by woods. Two are in ruins, and two are inhabited; the largest is the residence of Freiherr (Baron, we should say in England) von Dort, the great man of the place, and the owner of all four castles. The most interesting of them is quite in ruins, but its chief tower can easily be ascended, and commands a noble view. This is situated at twenty minutes' walk from the village, on the edge of a precipice which rises straight from the water's edge, clothed in part with bushes. The approach is by a rough path through the wood, high above the river. We did not venture up to the Freiherr's own residence, as the family was there, but we roamed about the grounds, which were hospitably left open, and found many shady seats and pleasant walks and delightful points of view. The day was intensely hot, and when we descended to the village we scoured the place in search of fruit to allay our thirst, but all in vain. We were moderate in our desires; cherries we knew to be over, but a few juicy pears we thought we might find. But not a pear did Neckar-Steinach seem to possess; I asked right and left; the people must have thought us pear-mad. But all shook their heads, and said, "Nein, nein." So we were forced to leave the place pear-less.

We voted it too hot to walk back to Neckar-Gemünd in the blazing midday sun; so, though with some difficulty, we got a boat. It was but a rough craft, flat-bottomed, unpainted, and ending both ways in a sloping peak for running up on the bank. But it answered our purpose well. The heat was broiling, and we were hot and dusty, and the stream was fresh and clear and strong: so, far away as we were from everybody who had ever seen us before, and certain, too, of being observed by no one but our boatman—as rough as his boat—we took off boots and socks, and sat astride, the one at the head and the other at the stern, with bare legs dangling in the current. Most refreshing it was, but we could not help laughing at the figures we must cut. As for our man, he seemed to think it the most natural proceeding in the world.

The stream was rapid, and soon, with little help of oars, we were landed at Neckar-Gemünd. Here we had a good half-hour to wait for the train. Again we searched for pears, and again in vain. We saw all that was to be seen in the little old town, got into the train again, and found ourselves once more at Heidelberg at one o'clock, after a most pleasant expedition; and not ruinously expensive either. Here is the account, exclusive of breakfast: two return tickets to Neckar-Gemünd, one shilling; ferry, two-thirds of a penny; boat, two shillings; total, three shillings and less than a penny.

Once before, I was within an easy journey of Worms, and lost the opportunity of going to see the noble "Luther-denkmal," or Luther's memorial, erected there in the year 1868. I was resolved not to miss another opportunity. We left Heidelberg therefore next morning for Worms, by way of Mannheim and Ludwigshafen, meaning to spend some hours at Worms, and to get down to Bingen in the evening. We reached Worms at twelve o'clock, but were kept at the station nearly half-an-

hour by a violent downpour of rain, succeeding a very hot morning. This, however, had no other effect than that of cooling the air pleasantly, and the rest of the day was fine. As soon as we were released we made our way to the town, a quarter of a mile off, and soon found out the "Alter Kaiser," the principal hotel. I was surprised to find Worms so much less a decayed city than I had expected. On the contrary, there is some appearance of life and bustle in it; it has good shops and some modern houses, and seems by no means inclined to be left behind by the age. It is, however, one of the most ancient cities of Germany, and still shows many curious old houses and streets. We fared well at the Alter Kaiser, dining at the midday *table d'hôte* in company with a score or so of townsfolk, evidently in the habit of taking their chief meal there, for I think we were the only strangers. The landlord dined with us in old-fashioned style, getting up from table as every fresh joint was put on the sideboard to carve for the guests, and then taking his place again. All was good and plentiful, well cooked and well served—better in every respect than at many modern and more pretentious hotels; and the charge was moderate. Near the inn stands the Cathedral, in a good situation—an open square a little raised. It is a fine Byzantine building in good preservation, dating, it is said, as far back as the year 1016. It is very lofty, and has four imposing towers. The interior we had some difficulty in seeing, for we went from house to house inquiring for the key in vain. At length the sexton came running to us, and, with great alacrity and many apologies, let us in. It is of great size, but rather bare; at least, this was the impression made on us, though there are some fine sculptures and some curious old paintings. The building in which the Diet of Worms was held used to stand close by, but no longer exists.

Our principal object, however, was the Luther-denkmal, and to this we now repaired. It stands in a large open space, removed from buildings and surrounded by trees. Some few of the component parts have been criticised; but to us it appeared a most striking and noble group, worthy of the name it bears, and of the other illustrious names associated in it. No description could do justice to it, or, indeed, convey any clear idea of it. Excellent photographs, however, have been taken of it; and I must not omit to mention that, between the station and the town, we found at Herr Holzamer's a capital collection of all sizes. The largest size especially gives a very good idea of the original, and forms a striking picture. The general design is this: a granite base about forty-two feet square, enclosed on three sides by low battlemented walls, and ascended by broad steps on the fourth side, which is open; in the centre is a colossal figure of Luther on a tall pedestal; at the four corners of the base or platform are figures of Frederic the Wise of Saxony, Philip of Hesse, Melancthon, and Reuchlin; between them, and rising from the low battlemented sides, are emblematical figures of the cities of Augsburg, Magdeburg, and Spire (those of Magdeburg and Spire are verystriking); round the base of the central pedestal which supports the figure of Luther are figures of Peter Waldo, Wiclif, Huss, and Savanola—the Frenchman, the Englishman, the Bohemian, and the Italian. There are many minor features—medallions, bas-reliefs, and inscriptions—but these



are the main features in the group; all the statues are of bronze. The memorial was many years in execution, having been commenced in the year 1856; it was completed, and solemnly opened, no longer ago than midsummer, 1868. The artist, Rietschel, who designed the whole and modelled the figures of Luther and Wiclif, did not live to see the completion. He died some years ago, and the work was finished from his sketches by Schilling, Dondorff, and Kietz, his three assistants. The whole—design, sculpture, architecture, and workmanship—is *German*, but the memorial, as has been truly said, belongs not to Germany, but to the world, the *Protestant* world especially. The opening ceremony was attended by the King of Prussia (now Emperor of Germany), and by several other German sovereigns. Our Queen sent a telegraphic message, expressing the fellow-feeling of Protestant England in the work.

I have ventured to say something about Worms, because, though on the Rhine, it is out of the ordinary track of tourists, few pursuing the course of the river above Mainz. But I must now hasten to a close, as I am getting on forbidden ground—the Rhine-bank itself. On reaching Mainz by railroad, I had meant to go on immediately to Bingen by steamer, and there sleep; but no luggage was to be heard of at Mainz on my arrival, though I had sent my goods and chattels on before me duly registered. There was nothing for it but to stop at Mainz. The missing bags arrived later, and I was not sorry, in the end, to walk about the picturesque streets once more, and again to see the curious old Cathedral. And so we sped homewards by the highway of the Rhine, only stopping one night at St. Goar and another at Cologne, whence we cut across Belgium to Antwerp. Cologne! beautiful in its situation and its Cathedral, but not more lovely than of old in its *smells*. Strange that the city which scents the world with its sweet perfume should itself have so ill an odour! The main streets, indeed, are like other main streets; but one cannot always keep to main streets, and the side streets, especially near the river, still deserve too well the lash of Coleridge's satire:—

"Ye nymphs, who rule o'er sewers and sinks,  
The River Rhine, it is well known,  
Doth wash your city of Cologne:  
But tell me, nymphs, what power divine  
Shall henceforth wash the River Rhine!"

## THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS.

### II.

**TRAVELLERS** on the Great Northern Railway line are familiar with the charming old pile of architecture peeping from amongst trees near the Hatfield station. There stands one of the noblest mansions of the English nobility, of more than common interest just now from the services rendered to his country by its illustrious owner, who with so much ability and honour has discharged the duties of a plenipotentiary at the Conference in Constantinople. Hatfield has a network of English history woven round it. It had once a royal palace, and from it both Edward VI and Elizabeth were conducted to London when they ascended the throne. During the reign of her sister Mary, the latter of these two

sovereigns was here kept in confinement, and thither went Sir William Cecil, and several noblemen, to hold the first council under the new reign. On the 23rd of November, 1558, she set out for the metropolis, attended by a thousand or more of lords, knights, gentlemen, ladies, and gentlewomen; stopping first at the Charter House, and then removing to the Tower; heralds in attendance, trumpeters making the old streets echo with their cheery blasts, and the lord mayor proudly riding on horseback, carrying the royal sceptre. James I, in exchange for the house at Theobalds, gave the palace to Sir Robert Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury, who built on its site the present magnificent edifice, where, with works of art and many a relic of the olden time, there are preserved vast stores of manuscripts connected with the Cecil family, the sovereigns whom they served, and the country of which they were long the statesmen and the ornaments. These manuscripts extend as far as from the fourteenth century to the reign of Charles II. Among early vellum manuscripts there is a copy of the first edition of Gower's *Vox Clamantis*, followed by unpublished letters of Cardinal Wolsey; fine autographs of Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, Lady Arabella Stuart, the Duke of Anjou, and other distinguished personages. The correspondence altogether is of the most varied and valuable description. "Scarcely a day passes in any year from the accession of Edward VI to the close of the century which does not produce one or more letters connected with passing events, and generally from those whose rank and position enabled them to furnish the most secret and authentic intelligence. In these papers the history of the times writes itself off from day to day, and almost from hour to hour, with the minuteness of a daily journal, but with a precision to which no ordinary journal could make any pretence." In the collection is included the correspondence of Lord Burleigh and his son, the first Earl of Salisbury, Lord Bacon, Sir Fulke Greville, the Earl and Countess of Southampton, Lady Rich, Sir Edward Coke, and others. Here life is given to the familiar forms in Tudor embroidered robes and in rich laced ruffs depicted in portraits hanging on the walls of Hatfield House and elsewhere. They seem to step out of the frames and walk up and down the galleries, and sit in high-back chairs by the chamber walls, talking of times gone by, and making us feel as if present at meetings of privy councils; at audiences given by the magnificent Elizabeth and the awkward James; at progresses, when they rode through the country, to the joy of their subjects; and at familiar interviews, when gossip was bandied from lip to lip, and guesses and conjectures mingled with undoubted facts.

Not less interesting than Hatfield House is Longleat, belonging to the Earl of Bath, and close to Frome in Somersetshire. There, up in the woods, is "Heaven's Gate," where Bishop Ken wrote beautiful hymns, and his shade meets us in the halls and in the park walks—a nonjuring bishop in the days of William III and Queen Anne, meditating on nobler themes than such as relate to the transitory interests of the present world. At Longleat are found costly treasures, embracing the correspondence of Secretary Coventry in the time of Charles II; letters of ambassadors at foreign courts; reports of Parliamentary proceedings; drafts of king's speeches; in fact, all matters which lie within the province of a high minister of State. Prisoners in the Tower come forth

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to view, the first Earl of Shaftesbury, Algernon Sidney, and the Duke of Monmouth. Morley, Bishop of Winchester, is represented in numerous letters; and we have a notice of Milton's papers, after his death, being examined by Mr. Sumner, and taken over to Holland for publication. Samuel Pepys is discerned, amidst a group of celebrities, disclosed by the drawing aside of Old Time's curtain, and we find that the gossip and newsmonger got into trouble by having a crucifix in his house. His Anglo-Catholic tendencies in later life are well known. Tangiers, Tripoli, Virginia, and the West Indies all figure in the Longleat manuscripts.

It is curious to find in papers of the seventeenth century a narrative of the Venetians' tender of assistance to Charles I. during the Civil Wars, and of dangers then incurred by confiscating the effects of English merchants in Turkey to his Majesty's use; so that Eastern questions cropped up even during the convulsions which ushered in the Commonwealth and Protectorate. We meet with a manuscript of eight leaves, beginning with an account of Henry of Navarre's marriage with Margaret, sister of Francis I. It ends with an account of the king sending for the Prince de Condé and offering him one of three things, the mass, death, or perpetual imprisonment. He refused the first; but when he heard that a room in the Bastille was prepared, he wavered. On the next page to that in which occurs such matters of high import there is notice of a leaf full of writing, about cloth: "A stick in Brabant is three-quarters of a yard English, five sticks are twenty-three ells English. All manner of Brabant cloth is calendered. Narrow spynall is three-quarter brode cloth, and one ells is worth twopence, and sometimes more; but this is the common price; and a piece holdeth five dozen. Crispe cloth is made in Britayn, and there is white cloth and brown also, and it is yard brode and more; and it is sold by the creste, and that containeth five yards and more. This is the comen price of a creste, fifteen, sixteen, and twenty-pence; and a pece of creste cloth conteyneth twenty-five creste. White spynall and flemysch is five-quarters brode. Raw Flemish the same. Brode spynall is three-quarters and a half brode." These minute particulars, touching English and Flemish manufactures, take us amongst the looms which clacked in the days of Elizabeth in the west of England, and those through which shuttles were shot at the same period in the Low Countries; also they transport us to shops in the streets of London and Bristol, where cloths were spread out on the counter, before city dames and country ladies who came to buy at so much a yard, so much an ell, and so much a *creste*. Anon we find ourselves far away from factories and shops, with a correspondence before us respecting Edward VI and the Lady Isabella of France. A gilt cup and a picture of the lady had been sent to the young king, with whom a treaty of marriage had come to be talked of, but not with much likelihood of success. One Guydot, who appears in the business, is described as "only an instrument of the French queen, who most desires the marriage;" then come these words: "It is well for the king to shew that it is neither here nor there in the matter." The picture does not seem to have been much valued, for the writer speaks as if by accident he had found it lying in his desk. A letter from Cranmer to Cecil, August 23rd, 1551, says, "The bearer, Mr. Coverdale, Bishop Elect of Exeter, is now through, in all matters to the consecration, save only in doing his homage,

and in despatch of his first-fruits." Cranmer asks that, in consideration of long attendance, and the last of the Bishop Elect's service in the western parts, he may soon have Cecil's assistance in completing what remained necessary for Coverdale's entrance on his diocese. His consecration, with that of the Bishop of Rochester, was fixed for the 30th instant.

Presently there turns up a bundle of letters; one without date from Steenie, Duke of Buckingham, to James I. It begins, "Dere dad & gossape," and imagines that, by the time when it was written, the king would have read "an answer of his last letter, which came with the suger pese, and made mention of his (the king's) removes. I since have received the fesant eggs. Tell your sweet babe Charles, I will waite at your bed before manie ouers pas, and, by the grace of God, be at the death of a stag with you. —Your humble slave & doge Steenie." Truly this was an odd style for a court favourite to adopt in addressing his royal master; but it exactly corresponds with all that history records relative to this extraordinary couple. Pertaining to the years between 1579 and 1582 are notes of interviews with Queen Elizabeth, believed to be in the Earl of Leicester's handwriting. They form a diary of applications at court and other places, to her Majesty and other persons, with records of conversations regarding suits in which the writer and Lord Wentworth were concerned. On the 15th of May, mention is made of his holding the towel to her Majesty, and the lord steward the basin, when the queen touched eight people for the king's-evil.

The Duke of Northumberland's castle at Alnwick still remains in its glory, not long since restored to its pristine feudal magnificence. The old house in the Strand, before which the Londoners used to stop to see if the lion on the top would wag his stretched-out tail, is gone for ever. In these two buildings the noble occupants and their friends have from time to time transacted business, and written and received letters of importance; numbers of these, carefully preserved and docketed, are now reported by the agents of the Historical Commission. Many are arranged in volumes. We dip into volume xviii. and find a letter, dated 1659, Oct. 27, written during the interregnum, when Oliver was dead, and Richard had retired, and the Royalists were hoping for the Restoration, and Old England resembled a ship at sea, "driven of the winds and tossed;" no pilot fit to hold the helm. "1659, Oct. 27. Henry Champion to Hugh Potter, Esq. I conceive some little hints of transactions here may be welcome to you, which are so uncertain, as every day discovers more and more the fickleness of our inclinations. The Council of State, consisting of 23, is now resolved upon, viz., Fleetwood, Lambert, Desborough, Bury, Barrow, Sydenham, Vane, Whitelock, Warreston, Hewson, Ireton, Tytchborne, &c., which began to sit this day, and to-morrow, it is said we shall have the army's declaration. All things are much disjointed here, and discontent appears almost in every face. We have advice that Monk is stubborn, and likewise Colonel Overton (?), but the truth of that you may better know than we. We have but a thin term: in the Upper Bench sits Newdigate, in the Common Pleas, Windham, and in the Exchequer, Baron Wild and Parker, whose commissions, saving Wild's, for he comes in upon the old score, determine the 20th of the next month. Chancery we have not any, because Bradshaw, albeit in a dying condition, with a

great deal of pity, keeps the seal, and, as it is said, lays it under his pillow; Glyn and Fountaine practice as sergeants at the Common Pleas barr."\*

The Earl of Northumberland's castle at Wressell had been sadly damaged in 1648. Fifteen men were observed throwing down the outer battlements, and the timber, lead, glass, and wainscot were in danger of being carried away; but in 1663 all trouble of that kind had passed away. The tables were now turned, and from a letter that year, dated November 14th, and written by W. Levett to Colonel Charles Seymour at Lord Seymour's house in St. Martin's Lane, London, we have intelligence of very unpeaceable proceedings, which show how, after the Restoration, quiet people down in the country were disturbed, and what odd circumstances occurred. It would seem that troops were marched to the town of Marlborough on a rumour of disaffection there, which turned out to be a mistake.

"To give you a brief account of our martial exploits, and how we carried all before us,—according to your command we came to Marlborough on Tuesday, and the day after, with a small party, assaulted the burial-place of the Quakers at Manton, laid it waste, leaving all the prey to the owners' disposal; but the valiant owner of the ground (Will Hiscocke) challenged our soldiers to fight, but with the lawyer's weapon; that he would sue them all for the trespass. On Friday following we marched to Swindown, and returned to Marlborough on the fair-day, where the ale of the town had made the constables so pot-valiant that Mr. Frankline, with his staff-officers, encountered our captain at the White Hart, in the great room, but the 'breath of his mouth blowed him down the stairs,' and hurried him to Mr. Mayor to make his complaint, who could not or would not secure the constable; but the next day, when he was sober, our captain sent some soldiers and (by Mr. Popham's approbation) secured him at the Bear till Mr. Mayor came in the evening and engaged to bring him to you, to answer his contempt when you shall command. Stout Ralph Bayly told our captain that he ought not, or should not, secure their officer, but came, after he saw it done, to intercede for the constable, where, instead of prevailing, he received a tumble down the stairs. I should give you a further trouble with the relation of this business, but that I intend to wait on you on Thursday at London."

In connection with the coronation of Charles II, there is an epistle from S. Bowman to the Honourable Charles Seymour, in which the writer says everything else was set aside for the sake of the grand event. Royal arches were erected in the city of such vast height that they overtopped the houses by one-half, some of them being twelve storeys high. One in Fleet Street represented the royal oak; one in Cheapside a temple; and one at Leadenhall the scene at Boscobel. So many costly dresses were brought over from France as to arouse the jealousy of the citizens, who had furnished the king with £100,000. A little further on our attention is attracted by another coronation—that of William III and Mary II. Here is a summons from the Duke of Norfolk, addressed to the Duke of Somerset:—"His Majesty, having appointed you to bear the queen's crown at the coronation, this is to desire you to meet in the House of Lords, at their Majesties' palace at Westminster, on the 11th of April, at eight o'clock

a.m., in your velvet robes and collar George, with your coronet." A turn in the wheel of circumstances brings us in the same page to the inhabitants of a country town full of concern about the state of trade. We are at Marlborough again, where the soldiers just now were disturbing the people. "1691, Nov. 26, Marlborough. Rolfe Baylye to Charles Duke of Somerset. We, the Mayor and Magistrates of Marlborough, at the request of the drapers, silkmen, and other tradesmen of this corporation, being sensible of the manifold loss and prejudice, not only they, but all other tradesmen throughout this kingdom, do sustain by the great increase of Scots and other pedlars and petty chapmen, persons of no settled habitations, who are of no trade, but ramble about the country with their packs of all sorts of linen, silks, hoods, scarfs, and all other sorts of small wares, and being informed that there is an Act in passing the House of Commons for their redress, do earnestly entreat your Grace to be instrumental to get the same Act to pass in the Lords' House when it comes before them."

A news letter turns up, dated Nov. 2, 1693, from which we ascertain that the king, whom the writer styles "Prince of Orange," landed at Harwich the Sunday before, and slept at Colchester. The queen, having joined him, they came together to Kennington about eleven o'clock at night. On the afternoon of the day when the letter was written, two highwaymen were apprehended in Fleet Street, but before they could be taken two people were killed. "We hear," says the writer, "that a Scotch minister at the lord mayor's feast, refusing to drink King William and Queen Mary's healths, had the oaths tendered him, which he refused, as also to pay his fine, for which he was committed."

In the same Report (p. 120) there are found lines on the death of Prince Henry, James's son, ending thus:—

"Did hee dye young? Oh no, it could not bee,  
For I know few that lived so longe, but hee:  
Till God and all men loved him, then hee bould,  
The man that lives so longe, must needs dyeould."

On the same page is a letter signed "Regicola Publicola," addressed to Charles I, Henry's brother, whose fate served to render the earlier death most enviable. The letter is couched in singular terms, and advises him not to quarrel with Parliament. "Sir,—I am not ignorant that to advise your Majesty (who have daily the actions of all nations laid before you by your public ministers at home and abroad) would savour both of imprudency and arrogancy; and I know in this I shall do no otherwise than as if one of the presumptuous heathen should have dared to give counsel to Apollo, of whom he should have humbly craved it."\*

#### THE "BORE" OF A RIVER.

THOSE who have stood on the sea-beach and watched the curling waves break have witnessed, on a small scale, the formation of the "bore" of a river. The wave as it approaches the beach receives on its breast the receding water of the one which has just broken. This receding water, uniting

\* Historical MSS., Appendix to Third Report, pp. 89, 184-186, 194-197.

\* Historical MSS., Appendix to Third Report, pp. 90-103.



with the advancing wave, renders it more abrupt, with a concave or curling form in front. So long as there is a supply of receding water, the advancing wave will continue solid, but no sooner is this supply exhausted than the wave breaks, rushing in foam upwards on the beach until the force which set it in motion is exhausted, when it recoils to supply water to form the next succeeding wave. Were the backward supply of water continuous, the wave would retain its curling form, and it would then become a bore.

From this it will be seen that the bore of a river is produced by the meeting of two tides, running in opposite directions. During high spring-tides, a larger volume of water than usual rushes in from the ocean to the land, filling up, to a greater extent, the bays, gulfs, estuaries, and rivers. After the force which produced the tidal-wave is exhausted, the ebbing water rushes back from the land as rapidly as it had advanced. But in long rivers, the upper tidal waters, impeded by their channel, cannot follow the receding tide so rapidly as the vast body of accumulated water at the coast, and therefore, while the latter part of the tidal wave in the upper part of the river is running down, it is met by the first flood of the new tide, and where these currents meet the bore is gradually formed.

Rivers in which a bore occasionally occurs have invariably a wide mouth, the width of the river diminishing rapidly upwards, and that mouth exposed directly to the advance of the tide from the ocean. The Severn, in England, and the Seine, in France, are examples of this. The Bristol Channel is nearly a hundred miles wide at its mouth, and the spring-tide from the Atlantic enters it, say, at three to four miles an hour. As the Channel becomes narrower, the volume of water must be contracted into a smaller space, and, therefore, the rapidity of the current of the tide will be increased so as to permit the body of water, forced on by the water in its rear, to pass through this contracted space. It is the same with the Seine, which is seven miles wide at its mouth, and which, by a bend northward in the coast at Havre, is exposed directly to the full force of the tide running up Channel from the Atlantic.

In the months of March and August, owing to the relative position of the sun, the moon, and our earth, the influence of attraction on the waters of the ocean is then greatest, and the highest spring-tides occur. It is in these months that bores occur in the Severn and the Seine. Travelling down the Seine, in the month of August, the writer not only witnessed the bore of that noble river, but passed through it in the good steamer *Chamois*. It was a lovely morning, there was not a ripple on the water, the tide was running down at the rate of from two to two and a half miles an hour, when, at a point about a mile above the town of Quillebœuf, on the left bank of the river, and upwards of twenty miles from its mouth, we encountered the bore. Our steamer suddenly stopped, and not seeing any cause for the stoppage, we asked a gentleman near why the vessel had stopped. Pointing ahead, and with a rather excited manner, he exclaimed, "*La barre vient; nous attendons la barre, monsieur*" ("The bore is coming; we are waiting for the bore, sir.") Looking ahead about six hundred yards, we saw a wall of water, about ten feet high, coming rapidly towards us. Though not a ripple disturbed the bosom of the river where we lay, the surface of the advancing flood

was tossing and leaping in wild confusion. Still the breast of the flood was perfectly smooth, and exactly resembled a huge wave before it breaks on the beach. The river was here about three-quarters of a mile wide, and in looking athwart the wall of water as it drew near, it became evident that the more rapid current of the flood-tide rushed *under* the less rapid current of the ebb-tide, and lifted it, causing it to rush up the front or breast without raising a ripple on its hitherto placid surface. It has already been said that the wall of water was about ten feet high; this was slightly above the level of the gunwale of the good steamer *Chamois*, and all looked with intense interest to see how she would behave in breasting the flood. The steamer's character, as derived from her name, did not desert her, for she bounded upwards with the agility of her living representative among the Alps, and for about ten minutes she pitched and rolled just as she would have done in half a gale of wind in mid-Channel. After encountering the bore, the speed of the steamer, which had hitherto been about twelve knots an hour, did not seem more than three knots, such was the fearful motion of the flood-tide; but steamers, taking advantage of the "first of the flood," rushed past us with the speed of an ordinary railway-train.

The bore, or huge tidal wave, which rushes up the trumpet-mouthed estuary of the Severn with tremendous force and velocity, has been often described. The highest bores occur in what is called the "Palm tide," in the month of March. Much depends on the direction of the wind and the state of the sands at the mouth of the river. The approach of the bore is indicated by a peculiar, dull, heavy, rushing sound. There are three places from which the rush of the bore can be well seen: firstly, at the top of the hill at the village of Newnham, near Gloucester; secondly, the Denny Rocks, about five miles below Gloucester; thirdly, at the Llanthony Navigation Rocks, at Gloucester. At Newnham the bore will be seen much extended in length. At the Denny Rocks, in the parish of Westbury-on-Severn, the river narrows, the water is compressed, and the great tidal wave is considerably heightened. The bargemen working on the river announce the approach of the bore by passing up the watchword one to another, "Flood, oh! flood, oh!"

It is very interesting to watch the boats and barges top the crest of the wave as it rushes underneath them. A bore also occurs in the Humber, where it is called the *Eagre*, or *Hygre*. On the River Witham, below Boston, the same phenomenon is exhibited at most spring-tides, and bears the same name—the *Eagre*. A bore is also sometimes seen in the Solway, below Carlisle. The origin of the word "bore" is doubtful. In the Hooghly it is called the "barh," or flood. In the Seine it is called "barre." The word "bore" is also said by some to indicate a cross. The Saxon is "borian"; some say the Latin word "boreas" (the north wind) has something to do with it, but this is very improbable. Others have derived the name "bore" from the fact that the curve of the wave somewhat resembles the crest of bristles on a boar's back; but no description could be more misleading—there is no curve in the wave. What we saw in the Seine was simply the flood-tide rushing up the river at a level of about ten feet above that of the descending ebb-tide, and this higher level was first produced, and then maintained, by two forces. First, there was a current

rushing at the rate of from eight to nine miles an hour, meeting another current of from two to two and a half miles an hour. The force expended by the more rapid current in overcoming the slower one would be about one-fourth of its entire power, and consequently there would be a certain amount of retardation in the speed of the more rapid current. Secondly, the water behind, continuing to advance, raised the general level of the flood from the point of contact of the opposing currents to the mouth of the river. In fact, by the onward flow of the tide, the level of the water would be higher towards the mouth of the river than it would be where the two currents met.

Lady Hawkins, widow of Sir John Hawkins, the friend of Dr. Johnson, witnessed the bore of the Severn in 1819. Compared with recent descriptions (e.g., Mr. Buckland's, quoted in "Leisure Hour," 1874, p. 384), the following account will be read with interest:—

"I saw the astonishing sight from a meadow near Gloucester, which, as being separated from the road by the river, though imperceptibly to the traveller, is called the 'Isle of Alney,' and was directed to look to my left hand, which was towards the city. The river, as far as I could trace it in its windings all around us, was, to those used to the Thames near London, very inconsiderable in width. Presently our attention was called on by a prodigious noise at a distance, and by seeing what appeared like white smoke, which, coming on towards us with amazing rapidity in the track of the river, proved to be foam thrown up into the air to a stupendous height; and now came on the tide which ploughed the centre of the river, and was called 'The Parting,' dividing it with inconceivable force, the strong stream in vain attempting to oppose it, and, after a momentary conflict, as if furious at finding itself overcome and displaced, throwing itself to an incredible distance upon the meadows on each side in waves mountains high; then rolling on, as if determined to revenge itself by driving us off the ground. All this was the work of a few seconds; it was peace and quietness before us, and the water was running back into its channel; but then, to our right hand, the same scene was exhibiting; we saw the tide prancing in successive horsenecks as far as our eye could reach, but with fury abated at every stroke."

## Varieties.

**THE GREAT CHANGE: HOW CAME IT ABOUT?**—It began this way,—the man became uneasy at finding himself where he was; he had many pleasures, but they palled; he used to enjoy many sweets, but suddenly they cloyed upon his appetite. The world grew stale; the sere and yellow leaf was on all its trees, its flowers were faded, and its lights burned low. The man began to look about him; upward and downward, within, around, things looked as he did not like to see them; he became thoughtful, and the more he thought the more unrestful was his heart. Dare you all think? I know some men who dare not. If they were set to think for two hours about their own condition they would almost as soon be flogged. Well, that is how it came about. The man considered himself and his ways, and, as he considered, he discovered that he was without God, without Christ, without hope. He knew that he must die; he trembled as to what must be his destiny, and a voice within warned him to expect the worst. The good Spirit was sobering him, and this was the beginning of a blessed change. Then there came across his path

the good news that Jesus Christ was able to save him, and to save him at once; that he could blot out all his past sins, and ransom him from the present power of evil. Only one thing must be done, Christ must be trusted; and he did trust him. It took him some time to see that this simple trust in Jesus could do such wonders, but he did at last see it, and he trusted Jesus Christ for everything, and found sin pardoned and conquered too. He had always trusted himself before, but now he gave himself up to be saved by the merit of the Redeemer's blood, and by the power of the Holy Spirit. Then he became indeed "a man in Christ." What further happened to him when he was saved? A new life was given him. A miracle was wrought upon him: a life that he had never before possessed was bestowed upon him, which elevated him as much above other men as other men are elevated above the beasts that perish. He was body and soul before, but the Spirit of God came upon him, and gave him a spirit—a third and higher principle which lifted him up into a spiritual region in which he lived as a spiritual man. He found himself altogether changed from his former self: the things he loved before he hated now, and the things he hated before he loved now. He could see what he never saw before, and what seemed very attractive to him once had lost all its attractiveness. He would not have known his former self if he had met him in the street. In fact, his old self and he fell out once for all, and they have never made up the quarrel, and never will. He is a new creature in Christ Jesus; old things have passed away; behold, all things have become new.—*Mr. Spurgeon's Stock Exchange Address.*

**LORD STAIR'S SHREWD ADVICE ABOUT THE HIGHLAND REBELS.**—On the outbreak of the Scotch insurrection in 1715, in replying to the despatches of the Duke of Montrose, then Secretary of State for Scotland, Stair expressed himself sanguine of the result. The feeble Mar was an old intimate of his, and perhaps he felt the contempt of a regular soldier for irregular levies. "The rebels" (he wrote to the Duke of Montrose) "would be strong at first, and he would not advise to run one's head against them when they had their bellies filled with beef and their heads with beer; by the time they have lain a week under a hedge in the end of October, or beginning of November, it would be easy dealing with them, and he believed their army would melt in a fortnight to nothing."

**SYRIAN SCENERY AND CLIMATE.**—Within its four corners nature has collected the luxuries of every clime, and all possible combinations of panoramic beauty. True, indeed, desolation has wrought strange havoc in the greater part of Palestine. This was distinctly foretold. But yet, even in its ruin, enough remains of its pristine glory to display both what it was and what is to be again. No other country, I believe, of the same size can show the like variety. For instance, from Alpine snows on the summit of Hermon, 10,000 feet high, within a distance of some seventy miles, the traveller descends through every gradation of climate to a region truly sub-tropical, in that deepest spot on earth, the south of the Jordan valley. To those who know the land of Israel well, I have but to mention, in further confirmation of this, the weird Dead Sea; the lovely Gennesareth; the park-like woods of Gilead and Bashan; the pastures of Moab; the wide plains, such as Sharon, Esdraelon, and Acca, hemmed in by purple mountain walls; the central limestone range, with an average height of over 2,000 feet, the largest portion of the country, diversified as all limestone hills are by bold gorges, large caves, deep valleys, and fantastic summits; and, less beautiful indeed in themselves, but ever forming a striking contrast to the rest, barren stretches of russet-brown desert.—"*Palestine Repeopled.*" By the Rev. James Neil, formerly of Christ Church, Jerusalem (Nisbet & Co.)

**CAXTON EXHIBITION.**—The exhibition in connection with the Caxton Celebration has assumed such magnitude that the place has been changed from Stationers' Hall in the City, to South Kensington, where there will be ample space, and steam-power to move the printing-machines. The Queen has graciously consented to be the patron of the exhibition and of the Caxton Fund.

**SPAIN.**—According to the census of 1860, out of a population of 15,650,000 only 3,000,000 could read or write. In 1870 the population was 16,835,000, but no trustworthy statistics appear of the progress of education. Till there is a free press, and, above all, freedom of worship, with all that we include in "civil and religious liberty," Spain must continue a dark and poor country, notwithstanding its sunshine and its resources.

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